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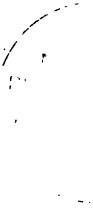
CHARLES E. BOLTON



C. E. Bolton

[illegible] L. BOLTON

[illegible]

[illegible]

SARAH [illegible] BOLTON

CAMBRIDGE
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
1907

E. Bolton

CHARLES E. BOLTON

A Memorial Sketch

BY HIS WIFE

SARAH K. BOLTON

CAMBRIDGE
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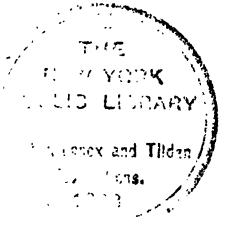

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PREFACE

No written word could adequately portray the character and influence of one whose high ideals were a part of his daily life. Mr. Bolton was widely known and loved. He was pre-eminently a man of happy spirit who seemed to brighten every life he touched. It is hoped that his friends, by reading this sketch, will like to recall his warm heart, his buoyant and joyous nature, his energy, and his desire to increase the happiness and helpfulness of those about him.

S. K. B.

CLEVELAND, 1906.

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CHARLES E. BOLTON

CHARLES EDWARD BOLTON, born May 16, 1841, at South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts, was descended from a worthy line of ancestors. His great-grandfather, Timothy Bolton, served in the Revolutionary War, as did also Timothy's brothers, Sergeant William, Corporal Ebenezer, and Captain Aaron Bolton. They were grandsons of William Bolton who came to New England in the summer of 1718 with Scotch and English settlers from the vicinity of Coleraine in the north of Ireland; the family had come originally from central Lancashire in England. On the first call to arms, April 19, 1775, Timothy, a lad not yet sixteen, marched with others from the village green in Shirley, Massachusetts, to the camp at Cambridge; he was at the siege of Boston, the taking of Burgoyne, the battle of

Long Island, and at Valley Forge. Mr. Bolton's mother, Marilla Ingram, a woman of unusual nobility of character, was the daughter of John Ingram of Amherst, and was married to James King Bolton in 1837. The Wolcotts, Blisses, Chapins, and other well-known New England families were among Mr. Bolton's ancestors.

The life of a New England boy, bright, active, fun-loving, industrious, earning a little money by picking berries or raising chickens, living near the banks of the Connecticut River and loving its waters, making boats and water-wheels or romping in his brief leisure with his only brother John and his dog Ponto, — such a life had much of strength in its simplicity and economy, and was a good preparatory school for future usefulness. Years after he used to tell how he was cured of a desire to stay away from school for play. He complained to his mother of headache, which was doubtless true, and she prepared and insisted on his drinking a large bowl of thoroughwort tea. After this he preferred to go to school.

In his autobiography, written at the request of his wife and son, a short time before his death, he says of these early years: "A valuable object lesson of my boyhood days was the construction of great dams for mill purposes across the Connecticut River between South Hadley Falls and Holyoke. Though only seven years old, my father often took me to see one dam while it was being built. After the building of the Connecticut River Railway, the development of factories at the Falls became profitable.

"In the winter of 1848, work on the first dam was begun and several hundred men were employed, each at eighty cents per day. An attempt to lower the wages to seventy cents was met by an ugly strike, and Philander Anderson, chief engineer, the constable, and others were seriously injured. The authorities responded with a military force and the leading rioters were arrested and punished. In the summer, nearly thirteen hundred men were employed, and in five months one of the largest dams in the world was completed. It had been built of timbers and

planks, fastened together, and the whole bolted to the bed-rock. It was thirty feet high and over a thousand feet in length. The building of this huge dam had been the talk of all New England, and its failure or success was the question of the day.

"On November 16, 1848, thousands of people lined the banks to witness the closing of the many gates at 10 A. M.

"As the pent-up waters, whose right to flow freely to the Sound had never before been questioned, began to rise, the dam commenced to leak badly. Brush and gravel were thrown in to stop the leak, but as the water rose higher and higher, and finally reached within a few feet of the top of the dam, the strain was so great that it was evident that the structure must give way. All the people who stood on the dam and in the dry river bed below were warned to flee to the banks, and fortunately they obeyed with alacrity.

"I remember running as fast as my bare feet could carry me, and had just reached the high

bank, when a little after three o'clock a cry went up from the multitude, 'There she goes!' 'We told you so!' The dam turned over and the Connecticut River was again master of itself.

"The scene was frightful. The imprisoned waters rushed over the rocky falls below, sweeping before it huge portions of the wrecked dam, a long summer's labor of engineers and a thousand men, the pride of contractors and owners, in the very hour of seeming triumph."

Farther on he writes: "I recall a big umbrella elm on the way to school, which the selectmen voted must be cut down, and how I pleaded with the axemen to spare the tree, a friend to everybody, but my earnest words did no good, and the veteran shade tree fell.

"Mr. C. L. Bugbee kept a tavern at the Falls, and father and he became great friends. They often chatted about business. It was finally agreed that the two men should form a partnership in paper-making, and so they built a paper mill at Bondsville, a few miles north of Palmer, Massachusetts. When we moved, we took with

us our spotted dog Ponto. We lived in a pretty white house situated on a hill overlooking the village. The new mill was in sight across the Thorndike River, and father and Mr. Bugbee worked hard to succeed.

"While at Bondsville, I attended a red schoolhouse that stood down near a large lily pond. In the fall term the teacher forbade the children to eat chestnuts in school, but some disobeyed. If we were caught, as penalty we forfeited all the chestnuts in our pockets.

"One day I filled all my pockets with chestnuts — boys always have more pockets than girls — and, after school began, I deliberately commenced eating them, and was soon caught in the act. The nuts were demanded, and it was real fun, as the teacher held out her hand, to fill it slowly. She would ask, 'Have you more?' 'Yes,' I said; and finally she added, sharply, 'Come, boy, be quick, and give me all the chestnuts you have.' I filled both her hands; the teacher then put the nuts into her desk and returned to know if I had more. 'Oh,

yes,' I said, 'lots of them.' So she marched me up to the desk, the whole school laughing, and made me quickly empty every pocket. We all liked our teacher, and risked our lives gathering for her the beautiful white lilies in the pond near by."

He once thought of becoming a farmer. Of this he writes: "I started to learn farming with a Mr. Williams. I guided a pair of horses with a harrow round a large plowed field, lapping the implement, it seemed a million times, so weary and hungry I became before dinner time. During the nooning Mr. Williams desired me to turn a grindstone, while several of his hired men sharpened their dull scythes. After dinner it was tramp, tramp again in clouds of dust in the same big plowed field till six o'clock. After supper, I walked a mile to drive home the cows, and the farmer was surprised that I had never learned to milk, so he set me raking wet grass in the orchard till the moon shone over the hills.

"Long before the sun set that day I felt that I had done farming enough for a lifetime, and I

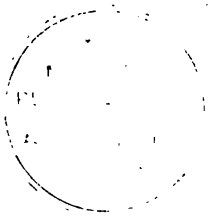
went home that night with the hardest-earned half-dollar I ever possessed. I still enjoy farming, but always from a car window."

At fourteen years of age, the family having returned to South Hadley Falls, the boy learned the trade of making fine writing-paper. He went to the mill every morning in the winter's snow or summer's heat at five o'clock, and worked until 8.30 A. M., the hour for the opening of the High School, and all day on Saturdays. He often learned his Latin, which was copied on bits of paper, while he stamped or sealed up papers. A small amount of money was used to buy an accordion, whose music should brighten these days of toil, and this he carefully kept through life. "Perhaps my studious habits," he once said, "led the teacher to overestimate my good qualities, for I now and then improved an opportunity to play or enjoy a practical joke. One bright, warm day the teacher asked me to go out and cut some sticks, with which she could whip bad boys. I was gone an hour, and returned with as big a bundle of sticks

At the age of ten

At the age of eighteen

CHARLES E. BOLTON



as I could carry. Of course the whole school laughed as I entered with a Bunyan load on my back, the teacher saying, 'Thank you, Charles, these sticks are just what I need; take care now that you do not get punished with these very sticks.' Sure enough, later I was whipped with sticks of my own cutting."

When through the High School, he had saved four hundred dollars with which to fit himself for college. There had been few play days and few vacations, but courage to face the battle of life, and overcome, had been developed and had won its reward.

Mr. Bolton often said in after years that learning a trade had made him independent for life, for if necessary he could always support his family by paper-making. His father, James, a man of thrift and some means, wished his son's help when he built the paper-mill, and the owner of the mill where he then worked offered a place in his office, but the lad, fond of books, wisely chose to go on with his education.

Years afterward, when his High School teacher,

Mr. George Brooks of Philadelphia, had become an old man, Mr. Bolton suggested and helped to call together in a delightful reunion at South Hadley Falls the school girls and boys of those early days, to honor the firm but kind master who had given some of the best years of his life to them.

Mr. Bolton joined the Congregational Church when he was seventeen. He prepared for college at Sanbornton Bridge, now Tilton, New Hampshire, and at Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Massachusetts, entering Amherst College in the autumn of 1861. Concerning this, he wrote: "The colored janitor at Amherst opened the door of a recitation-room on the right, and a thin, bent form shuffled into a seat behind the desk. Our names were taken, and each young man was called in turn to sit near Professor William S. Tyler, who proceeded to discover what we knew of Greek. Daniel Webster enjoyed most, it is said, the frequent repetitions he found in Virgil and Homer. One cannot easily forget Professor Tyler's kindness of manner. His arm

naturally fell upon the back of my chair, and he turned the pages of the text-book till a passage familiar to me was reached; the professor then said in a fatherly way, 'Bolton, can you read this?' I hesitated somewhat in the translation, and in my answers. Then he added, 'Well done, but here is an easier place, you can surely read this.' An easy place was just what I was praying for, and now, aided by luck and encouraged by kind words, I surprised myself, and returned to my seat in triumph. In this way, Professor Tyler at the outset captured our hearts and held them loyal for four years."

Mr. Bolton always kept a picture of Professor Tyler, framed, in his home. He continues:

"Next morning, after the examination, father was glad to see me, but he was very reticent. Up on mother's pantry shelf a few dollars were always kept in a small box for an emergency, and out of this reserve fund mother advanced me ten dollars. With half of the sum I purchased a silk hat, much to her surprise. Thus equipped, I went to Bondsville, in Palmer, to see father's old

partner, Mr. Calvin L. Bugbee, who was Chairman of the School Committee.

"Mr. Bugbee was a kind-hearted man and was inclined to aid me. He said earnestly, 'Charlie, I desire to help you, but we have been much opposed in building our new and graded school. If I hire you, who have never taught, and you should fail, the citizens would never forgive me. My reply was, 'Mr. Bugbee, please try me. I cannot fail, for it means for me bread and butter, and an education.' 'Well, young man,' he said, 'your earnestness wins. You shall have the large schoolroom. The pay is twenty-five dollars per month and you can board at my home.' That was a triumph, indeed, and mother rejoiced with me on my return. Of course, I did not forget to say, 'Mother, did it not pay to buy the silk hat?'

"Firmness and kindness, and faithful work made the Bondsville winter school a success, but I earned every dollar that I received."

In college he helped to pay his expenses by

caring for the college chapel, taking charge of the college bookstore, and by teaching school.

"To keep up with the college class," he said, "and teach daily sixty restless boys and girls for six hours was not an easy task. My rule was to rise at five o'clock, wash my face and hands under the starlight in running water near the house, in severe weather breaking the ice. This cold water roused me mentally. Then I could learn a Greek lesson before breakfast, which was always ready at six o'clock. Then more study before eight o'clock, for I was due at the school by half-past eight."

The gymnasium of the college was a great delight and benefit. "We used wood and iron dumb-bells, or poles in light and rhythmic motions to music," he writes, "till the glow of fresh blood was in all our faces. Then in charge of class lieutenants, we were given various other exercises. Vigorous work was sometimes had by the whole class running twenty-five times, more or less, round the gymnasium, till a mile or more was lapped, and often we yelled like Confeder-

ates, disturbing the neighbors, I fear. Dr. Hitchcock never objected, and frequently we sang songs or danced, the whole an escape valve, he thought, for our surplus energy. The exercise finished, we ran to our rooms for a towel bath, and at ten o'clock precisely we were again seated for hard study. Thus muscle and mind were developed together."

Strong in body, abounding in health and spirits, a leader in fun as well as in study, earnest and manly in his friendships, the handsome college boy could never forget these happy years. The way was often dark, but his mother's love and encouragement helped him on. Sometimes he walked the ten miles from college to his home at South Hadley Falls to save his money, occasionally selling writing-paper to the farmers, but the journey paid the often homesick and affectionate son. "He graduated from college," wrote one of the professors, "with a supplemental knowledge of men and things rarely possessed by college graduates." He always said he felt "profoundly grateful to the founders, the bene-

factors, and the faculty of Amherst College." He appreciated the Master of Arts degree given him later by the college.

College days, with their occasional clouds, were usually bright and sunny. In his junior year he met the young lady who afterward became his wife. The affection then begun never lost any of its whole-hearted devotion. The delicate appreciation, the thought for her health and comfort, the loneliness without her companionship, the chivalric honor for true womanhood, never lessened in all the years. The beautiful letters written during the two years of separation before marriage showed no more absorbing love than the letters in the latter days. With similarity of tastes in books, with kindred aspirations for all that was elevating and helpful, drawn even more closely together if possible by the struggles that come to all in one form or another, his marriage seemed to fulfill his fondest hopes. Twenty years after marriage he wrote to his wife: "You and what you do are the very heart of my life. . . . I prefer a crust with you rather than a

crown alone. . . . Being absent in body I am always poor. Your presence makes me rich. . . . I hardly know how to plan or work at my best without your help. . . . The room without you is empty and dreary. I am always proud to have people speak your name to me. . . . You and I will try to prove the value of two lives knitted into one, that we may be seen now and in the centuries to come like the two stars known as the Polar star."

During Mr. Bolton's last vacation in college, he went to the front in the Civil War and assisted in the work of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. He ministered to the dying after that dreadful explosion of the mine at Petersburg, Virginia, July 30, 1864, "where the ruined fort was ten feet deep with dead."

He writes in his autobiography: "At midnight on Friday, July 29th, all was ready. The feint had been made at Deep Bottom, weakening the enemy in front of Petersburg. The assaulting force was the ninth corps, supported by the eighteenth corps, with the second in reserve on

the right, and the fifth on the left, the whole closely massed. At 3:30 Saturday morning the fuse was lighted, but the fire went out. It was nearly two hours before it was relighted and the explosion occurred. The ground trembled, and huge clouds of dust, guns, caissons, and two hundred soldiers, many maimed, were thrown into the air. Where once stood a six-gun rebel fort and garrison now was seen a crater one hundred feet in length, fifty feet in width, and twenty feet in depth — a mass of ruins. A hundred guns along the Union line opened fire; the boys in blue began to cross the deadly plain. The advancing troops should have captured the frowning crest beyond, but delays gave time for the enemy to recover from their surprise, and to concentrate troops, who poured a terrific enfilading fire upon the captured fort. The delays had been fatal. The increased fire of the enemy plowed the Union ranks with slaughter. The brave charge was checked, the line wavered, and finally recoiled to the ruined fort or crater.

"As a forlorn hope the colored division of the

ninth corps, under General Ferrero, was dispatched to do what the three other divisions of white troops had failed to accomplish. These colored troops had been carefully drilled and were now, under adverse circumstances, to demonstrate their fighting qualities. The dark cloud of heroes swept along for four hundred yards toward the crest, only to be beaten back with terrible vengeance. The black soldiers under white officers did all they could to reach the goal, but the venom of the Confederacy was concentrated upon their former slaves, and Ferrero's brigade plunged headlong back into the crater. My cousin, John D. Patterson, was adjutant of one of these four colored regiments. He told me that for hours he rallied and fought his men in and about this crater, this slaughter pen of slavery, till the ruined fort was ten feet deep with dead, dying, and praying humanity. Every rod of space between the fort and Federal lines was under the severest cross-fire. Again and again the enemy charged the ruined fort, till at noon a general Union retreat was ordered. The

Federal losses were about five thousand. For thirty-six hours the wounded and dead lay on the battlefield beneath a broiling sun, when under a flag of truce they were removed.

"At noon on Saturday four of us delegates were ordered to take George H. Stuart's coffee wagon with white horses to the field hospital. We made part of the journey by freight train, till rebel shot stopped the engine, and then we had a long and tedious journey, because very hot, six miles over sandy roads, and through pine woods, and finally, nearly worn out, we reported to Mr. F. E. Shearer, the field agent, at the hospital of the eighteenth corps before Petersburg. Refreshed by a supper of cold meat and crackers, at nine o'clock that evening Rogers, Crossman, and I pushed on down into a thick pine forest, and suddenly we came upon hundreds of dead and dying black soldiers. There they lay, seven hundred of them, beneath pine trees, in which were stuck bayonets that held lighted candles. Who can paint the scene? Historians can never picture the cruelty of war

visited upon Ferrero's Colored Brigade at the exploded mine, nor the black man's sufferings as we witnessed them in the Pine Tree Hospital near Petersburg.

"Before the surgeon or coffee wagon could afford relief we saw men with prayers on their lips breathe their last, we heard scores of wounded men praying God to take them home to be with Jesus. Some lay on their backs slowly bleeding to death; some bent forward on their elbows pleading for water! Water! Water! We made barrels of coffee and hurriedly passed cups to parched lips; we tightened bandages and lifted bleeding soldiers upon the amputating tables. All night long the surgeons worked. Assistants kept sharp and clean the blades that flashed in the faint star and candle light. Frequent ambulances bore away their sable loads to canvased hospitals, and all night this work, as terrible as battle itself, went on till surgeons and delegates fell asleep utterly exhausted.

"For days we worked in the hospitals at the front, and often lugged papers, writing material,

etc., into the trenches to the soldiers. Where the lines are only a few hundred feet apart it is often very dangerous to show as much as one's head to the enemy. We were frequently shot at, and it was no uncommon occurrence to hear close to your ears the zip of a minié bullet from a rebel telescope rifle, as we entered or as we departed from the triple line of trenches, dug deep in the sand or clay.

"We delegates gathered thousands of dollars from the soldiers, and the money was expressed by the Christian Commission to the soldiers' homes.

"We expected a battle to begin at any moment, day or night, and often artillery was at work on various portions of the lines. Sometimes at night it was most exciting; the spiteful flash and roar of the guns, especially of a big gun called the 'Swamp Angel.' Sitting on a log one evening we suddenly noticed a bombshell with its lighted fuse coming over near us. Oh, how closely we hugged the other side of the big log, but the dreaded explosion did not occur.

"This same night the artillery of both armies for miles was fighting a fierce duel. An accidental shot or suspicious move in some fort had doubtless alarmed everybody, and the corps generals and staffs of both armies were mounted and alert till long past midnight.

"The delegates held frequent religious meetings among themselves and in the hospitals. In one of the wards on a Sabbath evening I came upon a group of wounded negroes, who were singing as follows: —

'Time 's going away,
Why don't you pray,
And end this cruel war in Heaven,
Oh, my blessed Lord?'

Each stanza ending with

'Oh, my blessed Lord?'"

One of the negro soldiers, Thomas Freeman, carried a family Bible in his knapsack in place of his blankets. It was given him by some hungry slave women in a large Southern house, deserted by its owners. He loved the Bible, read in it daily, and took it into battle. When he was

shot, his brother William secured it, and when dying in the hospital sold it for five dollars to the ward master, of whom Mr. Bolton bought it and presented it to his college in token of the Christian heroism of the colored soldiers.

"I was at the Fourth Division Hospital," Mr. Bolton wrote home, "when the wounded colored soldiers came in; I assisted in doing up their wounds, and failed to find the entrance of balls otherwise than in the front and sides of the body, the latter caused by the murderous flank fires, which our officers should have prevented. Operating surgeons at the table remarked to me that 'it was a noticeable fact that black boys faced the music almost invariably, as shown from the position of wounds.'"

"After leaving college, I was still undecided as to life's work," says Mr. Bolton. "I started in college with the ministry in view, but owed money which must be paid.

"I remember once going to Pelham Hills to supply a vacant pulpit. In the morning my

classmate Tyler announced that he would read one of Beecher's sermons.

"In the afternoon I preached my first and last sermon from the text, Luke, chapter xxi, verses 1, 2, 3: the woman who cast in her two mites. At the close of the meeting a woman in black came and said, 'Mr. Bolton, the Lord must have suggested the text and ideas.' Was it a providential call or not, to preach? For some time this greatly troubled me.

"Tyler and I used a white livery horse, and the hire was one dollar and fifty cents, which was half of the total sum which we received for the two sermons. We divided equally the surplus, and with my seventy-five cents I bought two Sunday School books and sent them back to the Pelham Sunday School."

Mr. Bolton finally decided in favor of business and became for a short time the general agent in Ohio for the sale of Holland's "Life of Abraham Lincoln," settling in Cleveland in the summer of 1865.

"I recall my impressions of Cleveland," he

writes, "when in early summer I first came into the old depot on the Lake Erie docks. I was glad to look out upon a lake too broad for one to see the opposite shore. The foundations of the new stone railway station were then being laid. Already the year '1865' was cut in the stone arch; also the head of Mr. Amasa Stone was carved in stone. He was a large owner and director in the Lake Shore Railway. In those days the new depot seemed grand. Within thirty years the city, the traffic and the aesthetic demands have outgrown Stone's station. In 1865 Cleveland had only sixty-five thousand people. My first words as I climbed the bank and came to Superior Street were, 'This must be a fine city, as it has horse cars, with the music of bells.'

"I stopped at the Weddell for dinner and recall only the dessert, — delicious Lawton blackberries; called upon a Mr. Green, who had acted for Mr. Gurdon Bill, publisher, of Springfield, Massachusetts; secured an office in the Perkins block on the northwestern corner of the

Public Square, where now stands the new American Trust Building; arranged for rooms with Mrs. Schofield on the corner of Euclid Avenue and Erie Street, and had notices in papers, — all this on the first half day and before tea time.

"The next day several men and women and soldiers from the war called. The idea of fighting under Abraham Lincoln, and then selling his Life, pleased the old soldiers. We witnessed the return to the Public Square of an Ohio regiment, or what was left of it. Good things to eat and drink were furnished to the knapsacked veterans by the Cleveland women from long tables that extended in the shade across the northern side of the Square. The greeting proffered to the surviving heroes was pathetic. Thin young men, who had grown prematurely old, fell into the outstretched arms of wives and mothers. Sisters met their brothers — at first they hesitated, scarcely recognizing in the uncouth and ragged veterans their own kith and kin. Honest farmers had driven in to welcome their own brave boys. Some came fearing that they must return with an

empty seat in the wagon, and find the same at the home table. Most homes in the city and surrounding towns mourned for their loyal dead. Other mothers and wives, with children a head taller than in 1861, looked in vain for the strong arm and words of love. So many of the ten thousand healthy and noble soldiers that Cuyahoga County enlisted to save the Union now lay in nameless Southern graves. Those that mourned mingled glad words with those that rejoiced. The useless muskets were now stacked, and ladened with rusty canteens and worn knapsacks. The boys in blue again stood erect, tears of joy yielded to smiles, hearts were gladdened, and appetites satisfied with the rattle of dishes and odor of coffee — and all these good things came from willing hands at their own Northern home. Thrice happy the soldier boy that had helped save the Union, helped free four million slaves, and who was to have his name cut in imperishable marble on this same historic Public Square.

"Circulars telling of the Life of Abraham Lincoln, and emphasizing 'Agents Wanted!'

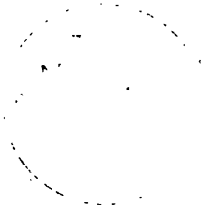
were sent to the temporary camps established for the returning soldiers. It was a pleasure to buy this delightful biography from the boys who had served under 'Uncle Abraham.'"

A year later, October 16, 1866, Mr. Bolton married in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on a beautiful day at sunset, the young lady of his choice,[1] she having gone to that city with relatives. After a time a small but attractive home was rented, and love brightened the struggles of daily living. An only son, Charles, was born in the late autumn of 1867, who has always proved worthy of the affection which his father gave him. Mr. Bolton was pleased to see him build engines and boats as he himself had done when a boy. He found time to take him on long walks with the pretty little twin girls of a neighbor, Edith and Addie Ford, while they gathered scores of varieties of seeds, put them in bottles and labelled them, or chipped rocks and renewed the love of mineralogy for which he had taken a prize in college.

[1] Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of John Segar Knowles of Farmington, Connecticut. Her portrait is inserted here by her son's desire.

CHARLES E. BOLTON SARAH E. KNOWLES

At the time of their marriage in 1866



In 1881 Mr. Bolton wrote to his wife: "I am writing you on Charlie's fourteenth birthday. I think I am the happiest and richest husband and father because God lets me call you two wife and son." He wrote his son ten years later, November 14, 1891, from Michigan, where he was lecturing: —

"My Dear Two Dozen: — This is your birthday. Half the age of your father. The world is before you, and often I wonder what more it will bring for us three. Surely God has blessed us with health unusual, and knowledge a little, so that we have more extended views of men and things, but how extremely limited our field of vision. This evening my mind turns back twenty-four years. . . . It was nine o'clock in the morning, in time for your first lesson, that you arrived, and I remember well the first sounds that made my heart leap for joy and the first kiss was mine, and earnest gratitude that mother and son were alive. My joy this evening is that you have brought only happiness to our hearts."

Thankful for his child, and successful in his business of selling bank safes for Hall's Safe & Lock Company of Cincinnati, he having taken the agency at Cleveland, and later dealing in real estate, Mr. Bolton did not forget that he had something to do in a young and growing city other than to earn money. In April, 1867, having read in the newspaper that Mr. H. Thane Miller of Cincinnati, the blind principal of a school, was interested in Y. M. C. A. work, Mr. Bolton wrote him for plans and suggestions. An association of young men was soon formed in Cleveland, composed largely of Mr. Bolton's friends in the Stone Church, and he was made its corresponding secretary. Such an organization had been formed in the city thirteen years before, but was disbanded in the time of the Civil War.

Fifteen thousand dollars were subscribed for a new Y. M. C. A. building, the members many of them pledging one hundred dollars each, when most of them had no homes of their own, and only what they earned from day to day. For many years Mr. Bolton gave untiring effort to

this Christian work, and lived to see the association have a membership of over three thousand, with many departments, and owning over three hundred thousand dollars worth of property. The good already done by this organization, and its power for good in the future, can scarcely be overestimated.

Mr. Bolton became one of a band of earnest young men, who, with the co-operation of the ministers, held union religious meetings in many, perhaps hundreds, of towns in Ohio and the neighboring states. The number of conversions resulting can never be known. All through life Mr. Bolton was accustomed to have men meet him on the street and say, "You do not remember me, but your words led me to give up drinking," or "to become a Christian man."

He with others spoke in workhouse and jail and state penitentiary at Columbus. The men believed in him, and many on their release came to our home and were helped to employment. Mr. Bolton never went empty-handed. Sometimes he carried a bushel of red apples or other

fruit for the younger ones in the workhouse, or a picture to brighten the bare walls of the convicts' chapel at Columbus.

Mr. Bolton tells this incident: "The horses often took us out to missionary meetings. On one occasion, when I hurried into the orchard with an empty four-quart measure to capture our white horse, Charlie went with me. As I held out the measure and suddenly put my hand over Kitty's mane, the young boy looked up into my face and said, 'When you offer Kitty a measure with no oats, how does that differ from telling a lie?' I frankly acknowledged my fault, and afterward the measure always contained oats."

Once Mr. Bolton found a boy in a steam car, stealing his ride, his hands and feet nearly frozen, and brought him home. He stayed with us for months, and was dishonest as he left us, a thing which rarely happened with those whom we helped. But thirty years afterward, when he had received much of the wages of sin, and we had forgotten him, he came to thank us for

the kindness given him in his poverty-stricken boyhood.

A man could not preach Christianity with much good result unless he cared for the famishing and the homeless, and as Mr. Bolton had been pecuniarily successful in the real estate which he had purchased, it was a pleasure as well as a duty to give. In one of many families visited by him he found the father dying and the mother with an infant. He turned the old table upside down and thus improvised a bed for the little ones, provided food, helped to bury the father, and lived to see the children fill honorable positions in life.

Mr. Bolton never used tobacco in any way, and was an active worker for temperance. A total abstainer himself, he encouraged others to abstain. He helped to form a temperance league in Ohio, whereby over a thousand cases of violation of law by saloonkeepers were ascertained through detectives, as is done in other criminal matters. Many saloons had to close their harmful business. Mr. Bolton helped all

over the state to fight the proposed change in the State Constitution suggested by the liquor interest, namely, to give permission to license liquor selling. Ohio decided against license by a large vote, August 18, 1874.

When Mr. Bolton was thirty-two years of age, life seemed all that he could ask. With a pretty home, a sufficient fortune won in real estate, his wife and boy happy, honored in his city and state, helping forward every good enterprise, the struggles of boyhood and college seemed passed forever. His energy was marvellous. No amount of work seemed to tire him. Believing in the great future of Cleveland, others shared his optimism and enthusiasm, and bought land of him if his judgment approved.

In 1873, unlooked-for by all save perhaps a few of the most experienced financiers of the country, the financial panic came, and fortunes were swept away in a day. Real estate rapidly decreased in value. One portion of land was deeded back to its owner by Mr. Bolton, although he already had paid the man ten thou-

sand dollars in money, and had not sold a foot of it. Land which he had sold at more than two hundred dollars per foot shrank to fifty-eight dollars, and no buyers at that. Both his homes, the one in which he lived and a new one just built, he sold for the benefit of creditors. In vain he was urged to take advantage of the Bankrupt Law, and, while still a young man, clear himself from obligations, and begin anew. This, with his high sense of honor, whether wisely or unwisely, he refused to do, and as a consequence, as he says in his autobiography, "for nearly twenty years became a serf to those he owed."

Perhaps all this tended to develop Mr. Bolton's strength of character and manliness, making him tolerant, never censorious, and ever ready to encourage and help the unfortunate. No doubt, losses keep us from arrogance and make us deeply sympathetic with the poverty and disappointment which nine-tenths of the human race seem born to, and live in all their days.

CHARLES E. BOLTON

Handicapped through his young manhood, Mr. Bolton kept to a wonderful degree his cheerful and hopeful nature, "looking," as he said, "always on the bright side," his motto being I. D. D. I. — If duty, do it, — working with all the strength of his strong body and strong will. He was "ten men in one," said one of his friends after his death, and this was true. But the struggles were hard for him nevertheless. Several years after the financial panic he wrote to his wife, "With liberty and a clear conscience we ought to be happy, though debts and taxes pinch us for a time. . . . I see my way in part for the future, and am glad to battle with the waves. It develops heroism. . . . The heart of your college boy who came near going down in the general wreck of the terrible panic, beats strongly again, and even more earnestly in love toward you. . . . It has not been an easy task to face all that I have encountered. Don't worry. God has and will provide."

In 1880 he wrote to his wife, seven years after the panic, when absent on business: "I

am thirty-nine next Sunday. Is it possible that we are almost forty years old? Am reading many things, — one little book on logic by Professor Jevons. Am getting a perfect passion for ideas and facts, and power to give forcible expression to them. Glad we have eternity to work in."

In 1886 he wrote to her: "This is my forty-fifth birthday. Three-fourths of life gone, perhaps more." And so it proved.

May 16, 1890: "This is my forty-ninth birthday, 7 × 7 years old. Another twelve months and I am fifty, and then like the Jews we will hold our jubilee, if we are out of debt, and thereby rich." And the day of thanksgiving and rejoicing was kept.

In 1876, three years after the financial panic, a position had opened for Mr. Bolton in the Cleveland Machine Company, through Mr. Dan P. Eells, a wealthy and prominent man who had always believed in him. Nearly three years later he was sent to Europe by the company of which he was now vice-president and manager,

to complete sales for box-making machines, which could make from twelve thousand to twenty thousand boxes a day. Each machine sold for five thousand dollars.

Very fond of machinery, Mr. Bolton took out some patents and added some useful inventions of his own. When he was eighteen he had invented a self-raking and loading hay-cart which was very ingenious, and he enjoyed mechanical work. "For months," he says, "I worked on a miniature self-raking and loading hay-cart. Long after father had retired for the night, the creaking of the cart, which I often tested on the floor over his bedroom, would disturb his sleep.

"When the cart was completed I invited the neighbors to a trial of its merits. Our dog Ponto had been trained, and he drew the cart up and down our lawn, both raking and loading the short cut and dried grass, to the great satisfaction of the neighbors assembled. Of course, some said 'It would n't work,' but it worked well in model, and those who claimed

to know said I could easily get a patent, but as it would require money, I never tried. En route to Boston in August, 1859, I exhibited my invention to Nourse, Mason & Co., of Worcester. The agent, Mr. Davis, said it was a valuable invention. In the *Worcester Daily Spy* appeared the following notice:—

"'A Good Invention. — Mr. Charles E. Bolton, a young man from South Hadley Falls, has shown us the model of a machine which a farmer would like to study. It is a cunningly contrived hay-cart, with machinery attached for raking, pitching, and loading the hay — all by the same operation. The model appears to work finely, and it has been praised by practical men who have seen it operate. Mr. Bolton has a warmly commendatory letter from the editor of the *Scientific American*. We hope it may be thoroughly tried, and that the youthful inventor may realize pecuniary benefit from his work.'"

Mr. Bolton's five successful trips to Europe for the Cleveland Machine Company brought

him in contact with manufacturing interests and with persons of influence abroad; being a man of culture and wide information, he was cordially welcomed to the homes of the Nettlefolds in Birmingham, England, the screw-makers, of which firm the Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., was a partner; the Cadburys, the millionaire owners of the cocoa works; the Hudsons at Chester, and many others. Sir George Williams, who organized the first Y. M. C. A. in the world, and who was knighted by Queen Victoria for the great good he had done with his wealth and influence, made Mr. Bolton a welcome guest.

Mr. Bolton sailed on the White Star steamer *Adriatic* September 5, 1878, and returned the next year on February 4th. He took his wife with him. She was already a helper financially, having become one of the editors of the Boston *Congregationalist*, taking the place of Miss Ellen M. Stone, the missionary who was kidnapped in 1901 by Bulgarian brigands, and ransomed in 1902.

After the sacrifice of the preceding five years, this journey in Europe, though made with careful economy, was a blessed experience for two who loved books, and art, and the beauties of nature. While waiting for the box machinery to be set up in various establishments in the cities where it had been sold, brief excursions were made to Scotland, France, Switzerland, and Rome.

Mr. Bolton made his second journey to Europe July 26, 1879, remaining into December of the same year. The first days were especially lonely for him. He wrote to his "loved ones on the Western Continent": "My whole heart goes out across the sea, hundreds of times a day, and you shall have my all, the best in me. Never so full of health and ambition. . . . You and the dear boy are in my mind hourly, and I shall try to live at my best, and see what it will bring. I am very homesick at times, and only get rid of the feeling, akin to seasickness, by enlarging plans and applying myself to earnest work."

In Birmingham he heard John Henry Newman, just made Cardinal preach in the Cathedral. "All the people rose and bowed low as the Cardinal entered the pulpit," he wrote. "His voice was low and sweet, and every word came as a father to his children. . . . His 'Tracts for the Times' were sent far and wide. These may be forgotten, but not his sweet hymn sung by all people, 'Lead, Kindly Light,' which was written during a Mediterranean voyage, 1832–1833."

Mr. Bolton wrote in August from Grasmere: "The sweet bell striking seven in the Wordsworth Church awoke me, and dressing, I have strolled up here, where the poet once lived; it is a very lovely spot, overlooking the smooth waters and up to the many mountains, so majestic. It has seemed, as I have wandered about this afternoon, as if the dozen gigantic mountains, softened by grass far up the sides and lovely foliage to the very top, completely shut out the noise and sadness of earth, and that the waters so smooth only mirrored the rest and sunshine

of heaven. Have read Wordsworth's 'Life' and also much of his poetry; two poems to the daisy, you both love. Shall put some on his grave in the morning before leaving.[1] . . . Scores of mountains and thirteen lakes are in sight. . . . It is the Paradise of Earth and full of fruit, flowers, and the sweet voices of nature." He often used to speak of "Paradise Grasmere and Windermere," and years afterward named two allotments of land in East Cleveland "Windermere," and "Grasmere," a street in each bearing the names. When asked to give a name to the baby of the faithful Italian who worked for us, Nicola Ramaciata, she was christened "Windermere" at his suggestion.

"Last evening," he wrote, "I followed a pretty stream high up the mountain, and it seemed to talk with me as it jumped over great moss-covered boulders, and gleefully ran around

[1] The daisy was his wife's favorite flower, and he always called her by that name. He said, "Daisy means much more since my study of botany. It is indeed a wonderful flower, or compound flower of flowers. I never dreamed that each ray was a single flower and that the centre was a mass of perfect flowers."

ugly rocks, saying cheerfully, 'See how I overcome every obstacle!' I gathered a great handful of wild flowers, clusters of crimson foxglove, the delicate blue-bell and the tiny purple heather, all for you, and could n't give even one to my loved one. They filled the water pitcher in my room. The blue-bell grows everywhere here. Have picked some this morning and will enclose also a twig from the yew and hawthorn which shade Wordsworth's grave." And here the pressed heather and blue-bell and yew lie in the letter just as they were placed over twenty years ago.

Mr. Bolton loved flowers, and trees, and lakes, and mountains. The blue waters of Lake Erie seen from his house, the gorgeous sunsets, a stream like those of New England, a granite boulder on the lawn, brought from his early home in Massachusetts, all had especial attraction for him. They were like music of which he was passionately fond, and the presence of little children, who always found in him a delightful companion and sympathetic friend.

"Reached Skipton last evening at 5 P. M.," he wrote. "Left valise at station and walked to Bolton Abbey, northeast eight miles. The country was charming. When tired, sat down in the sweet hay fields, chatted with the laborers, and even raked hay; got them to tell me about the English farmer, who is hard pushed; also names of trees, flowers, etc. Went through two villages and over a high hill, almost a mountain, in sight of and in fact through the moors (high and almost barren hills which are kept for hunting grouse, partridges, etc.), fifteen thousand acres owned by the Duke of Devonshire. As I walked on alone through the pretty purple heather, I was many times startled by the sudden starting-up of grouse. Counted ten in one bevy. One year over six thousand grouse were murdered by nobility (?) on these moors. Close upon the last of twilight, which continues so long in England, 8 : 30 at least, when I was about to enter a lonely piece of woods, I came upon the poorest poor man and his dog. The man was seventy-eight years old; I gave him sixpence, petted his kind

dog, and soon came upon the old ruin in a churchyard; many doorways and windows and arches standing, all ivy-covered and more extensive than Muckross."

Mr. Bolton was always doing these little kindnesses. He wrote, "Going into Cambridge I saw a blue-eyed girl of eight years looking anxiously at a pretty piece of crockery. I purchased a piece for sixpence, and how happy it made her. This morning I gave a sixpence for a penny rose to a young wife holding a baby." The poor in England sell flowers to passers-by.

In November, 1879, he wrote from the middle of the Black Sea, aboard the French steamer *Province:* "A host of events crowds your mind as you enter the historical Bosporus that separates Asia and Europe and flows from the Black Sea into the Sea of Marmora, and thence through the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean Sea. You first see the top of a high mountain, then a range, then the low hills, some white, at last a white lighthouse, and you are in the broad, deep Bosporus, with high and steep

hills on both sides, at the foot of which for a mile are situated a dozen forts, mounting hundreds of heavy cannon.

"The sail for ten miles to Constantinople is most delightful, past a score or more of sizable villages. In fact, both shores are almost a continuation of towns that join each other. The weather is very mild, which is so enjoyable, having left snow at St. Petersburg. En route we passed several marble palaces of the Sultan and came to anchor in the Golden Horn, not at a wharf. Scores of small boats came to take us ashore." . . .

"Such a mixture of languages. Was fortunate, at the outset, at least, in securing the services of an Italian guide who served me well during my three days' stay in Constantinople, except when I traded; then I think he and the shopkeepers were in league. Visited mosques, bazaars, Caucasian quarters, Scutari across the Bosporus, and its Turkish cemetery: also the English cemetery where eight thousand nameless English soldiers are buried. Here in the

barracks Florence Nightingale did her work which immortalized her name.

"Standing by the English monument on one of the clearest, brightest days I ever saw, the landscape before me was unsurpassed by any I ever beheld: before me the broad blue and mirror-like Sea of Marmora, on the left the distinct wavy ranges of mountains against the sky, and over and beyond all the classical Olympus, its top piercing the cloud and covered with perpetual snow. It was difficult to determine where the mountain ended and the clouds began, they blended so beautifully into each other.

"Across the sea, sprinkled with sail, were Point Stefano, occupied last year by eighty thousand Russians, and to the right across the entrance to the Bosporus lay coveted Constantinople, with its many palaces, mosques, and minarets.

". . . Dined with our minister, Honorable Horace Maynard, who said to bring my wife next time. He and his son are graduates of Amherst College. . . . General Lucius Fairchild, three times Governor of Wisconsin, and wife

and two daughters came on the same steamer with me."

All journeyed together to Vienna, and then back to England.

A third trip to Europe was made from June to September, 1880. Mr. Bolton was appointed State delegate from Ohio to the World's Sunday School Centenary at London, held in June, and enjoyed the workers whom he met. Having taught in the Sunday School, it was a pleasure to stand in the old house in Gloucester where Robert Raikes held his first Sunday School; the work has now grown to twelve million scholars.

Mr. Bolton met many very interesting people. He wrote: "I saw Sir Henry Bessemer, one of God's noblemen. He has forty acres at Denmark Hill, London. Gave me true honor; took me all over his loveliest of homes. Has the handsomest conservatory and fernery I ever saw. Told me of his struggles, successes, and all about his new and truly wonderful telescope. His is an ideal life and home."

July 6, 1880, Mr. Bolton wrote: "Aboard

express from London to Birmingham. Along the way people are making hay, three weeks earlier than last year. I never tire of the deep, heavy foliage, and picturesque views. Some fields are yellow with large golden buttercups, others white with ox-eyed daisies. Just passed a hill slope yellow as gold with mustard blossoms." These he so much liked that he planted them in his own garden.

The fourth trip abroad was from July to October, 1881, and the fifth from May to September, 1882. In the fourth voyage Mr. Bolton was joined by his wife and son, fourteen years old, "the best boy in the whole world," he used to say. Together, whenever time could be spared from business, they enjoyed the old world. Mr. Bolton was a delegate to the World's Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations held in London, and Mrs. Bolton shared with others in the receptions given to these Christian workers. It was a pleasure to talk with such men as the devoted Earl of Shaftesbury, whose work for labor and the oppressed was known the world

over; to Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., who invited all the delegates to his palatial home at Tunbridge; and to the venerable father of the late Russell Sturgis, of Boston, senior partner of Baring Brothers. At the home of Mr. Sturgis, Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown at Oxford," Mrs. Brinsley Sheridan, the daughter of Motley the historian, and other distinguished people were of the party. While we were in London, James Russell Lowell, our minister, showed us much courtesy.

Mr. Bolton spoke before two thousand people at a memorial meeting for President Garfield, whom he greatly admired, held in the Rev. Dr. Newman Hall's Church in London, at the same hour as that of the funeral in Cleveland, Ohio. The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker of London and General Clinton B. Fisk were the other speakers.

Mrs. Bolton passed over a year abroad, her husband joining her the following summer, when they spent some time in Norway and Sweden, returning together late in 1882. His last trip to Europe was made in the summer of 1885.

Meantime, he had begun what he named the Cleveland Educational Bureau, winter courses of lectures by prominent persons, with little books given out each week to the working people. He had seen the People's Colleges in England do great good, and having worked hard himself, his heart always went out to wage-earners. "Education," he wrote to his wife, "is the world's great need. The whole West and South are eager for it. The North always was. . . . My life is full of good purpose; my heart beats quickly and warm for you and for struggling humanity."

He spoke at the noon hour before thousands of working-men in the shops of Cleveland, and explained that they could hear the best lectures, and the best music, for about eight cents each Saturday night instead of fifty cents or a dollar. No seats were reserved, and they came by the thousands, often with their dinner-pails, waiting two hours for the exercises to begin, and were intelligent and grateful listeners. An audience of over four thousand was an inspiring sight.

Sometimes as a prelude they sang patriotic songs. The little pamphlets on history, biography, or science were prepared with great care, and were bound at the end of the three years during which the Bureau work was carried on.

Mr. Bolton always hoped to see a permanent People's Institute with a large building, a hall below, pictures, and the ideal products of the factories and farms in the upper stories, the whole a home for study, and an object-lesson to those who "earn their bread by the sweat of their brow." If the financial panic had not taken away his means, such a structure with baths for the poor, and lectures and concerts to brighten their toil, would have become a reality. He also wished to provide a home for friendless animals.

After seven years with the Cleveland Machine Company, Mr. Bolton resigned his position in 1883; he had purchased a stereopticon and some lantern slides abroad, and had decided to enter the lecture field. The following spring, at the solicitation of a friend, he went to Dakota to help

start the town of Appomattox, acting as an investor and adviser, not as a settler. While it was a losing venture pecuniarily, he gained much knowledge of the West, and enjoyed the pioneer experiences, as is shown by his own account. While in the West he called upon the Indian chief Sitting Bull, and smoked with him the famous red stone pipe of peace, two feet long, "carefully concealing the fact that he was a novice at the business."

"In April or May, 1883," Mr. Bolton wrote, "I joined the Bishop, or 'Fighting Parson,' as he was called in the Civil War, and a half dozen or more gentlemen, and we left Chicago for the great Northwest. We passed through Huron on the James River, where the land office of the Territory of Dakota was situated. Thence north, and up the James River to Aberdeen, where we arrived after dark. We were conducted to a big tent, which the Bishop's advance agent had erected to protect materials and provision already forwarded. It was cold and raining hard, so I took rooms at a hotel. In

two or three days our party had a half dozen wagons loaded with building material, provisions for man and beast, etc., and we began our journey over the prairie almost due west. The odor of the black soil, which was being turned by many farmers for the first time to the sun, and the bracing prairie air quickened our pulse and ambition. For many miles we followed the trail of others who had dropped out here and there upon unoccupied land, till noon, when we reached a shack hotel. Here the tired teams were fed, and we emptied a big tin dish of hot baked pork and beans. Then we journeyed on, and forded with difficulty a few small but swollen creeks, and camped at night under the wagons. Two or three days of travel and observation brought us to a little settlement east of Roscoe, which to-day is a railway junction, and here we even staked out a few farms and built shacks. But the restless Bishop believed in the Star of Empire, and so we sold our squatter rights and continued on our tedious journey in a southwesterly direction toward the Missouri River. The Bishop was

hoping to meet his brother and General Gilchrist, who had gone in advance, and they were to report as to the lay of the land, and the prospects of starting a town somewhere.

"On the way and beyond Roscoe a genuine Dakota blizzard swept down upon us, and hurriedly we built an eight-by-ten shack for ourselves, and a windbreak of boards for the horses.

"Later the General was conducted by scouts to our temporary headquarters, where for a few days we escaped the storm and planned further for the expedition.

"Soon the sun came to our aid, converting even the grumblers into heroes, and guided by a General and a Bishop, part of the expedition moved forward, while I was left to bring up the rear. We took down the shack, loaded the boards on the last wagon and started on, hoping to overtake the advance teams, but the trail was soon lost, and our prairie schooner sailed by the compass southwest till the sun set, when we rested and fed the teams by a small brook; and then we again went forward. I hesitated to

camp in the open, as the weather was very bleak, and so I encouraged the men and teams till after nine o'clock. I led the way with a lantern, till the men and teams were exhausted. Bags of oats were set against the wagon box, and the horses were tied to the wheels, while we tried in vain to sleep under the wagon, for the wind howled all night about our camp. By daylight we were again on the move, guided by a compass on an open prairie. In fact, it seemed as if we were a hundred miles west of nowhere. A light snow had fallen, which obliterated any possible chance of finding a trail in the prairie grass and stubble. Not a building, or tree, or shrub was in sight. A broad, barren prairie only, and as boundless as the sea. All were obliged to walk to keep warm, and the load was all the horses could pull. Suddenly, about nine o'clock on Sunday morning, we came in sight of a few small tents covered with snow, and sure enough, here were our lost friends, the General, the Bishop, and all our party. They thought us lost, and were glad to greet us.

"The story of starting on a small creek in the southwestern part of Potter County, the town of Appomattox in the summer of 1883, would fill a book. For weeks we lived in common in a big shack, and for days we had turtle soup as a luxury, a big land tortoise having been captured. We scoured the country to learn of its value and possibilities. The General planned a railroad, the Bishop a church.

"It was a summer of new experiences for me; although it was a case of roughing it from start to finish, I never enjoyed myself more or felt better. The newness of everything, the altitude and freshness of the atmosphere, the excursions here and there after land, and to the Missouri River for fish and wood, these, added to the spirit of Anglo-Saxon adventure, made the summer of 1883 a charming vacation."

Mr. Bolton seemed especially well fitted for lecturing. A close observer with retentive memory, vivacious, witty, loving the beautiful, an omnivorous reader along the lines of science, history, philosophy and sociology (he cared little for

fiction), happy in manner, fluent and often eloquent in expression, enthusiastic in his method of imparting information, he was a successful speaker for nearly thirteen years. There was much of hard work in it, almost constant travel, the separation from loved ones which he so constantly deplored, but he won thousands of friends, and gave comfort and pleasure to many. He wrote home: "Just in from lower Egypt (Illinois), as jaded as soldiers back from the wars. Lecturing is a serfdom not unlike that of a Russian subject in the Czar's army, and quite as long as Alexander III. requires service."

He spared no pains to keep every engagement. He said, "For four years, I think, I never missed a single booking, till in March, 1888, when I lost four dates in one week because of the great blizzard or snow blockade in New England. These dates I afterward filled. . . . Once in Michigan we came to a broken bridge. We got our trunk across, and agreed to pay seventy-five dollars for an engine and single car. We all shoveled coal, we wired for the best team

to take us from the depot twelve miles to the hall, and wired 'Hold the audience.' But the wheezy, worn-out engine and our efforts failed us, and we slept that night miles away from Adrian; of course the committee and audience of twelve hundred persons were disgusted; we lost the fee, fifty dollars, and the seventy-five dollar railway ride. No thanks either."

"In the West," he said, "we rode one night from 10.30 to 4 A. M., then all day on freight trains, and saved the booking. Then we were called at 2 A. M. and took a train for next date. I remember in New England that I was once 'a day too early,' so said the committee. 'Well,' I said, 'to-morrow I am booked elsewhere.' So at 5 P. M. we called in the schoolboys, wrote out short notices and sent the boys all over town. Result, the largest audience for the committee of the season. . . . In Tennessee we had plenty of oxygen, but no hydrogen or operator. Had sent him for gas to Memphis. So alone I managed the lantern, using the city gas, and a poor luminant it made, the pressure being low.

At Lewiston, Maine, the express company failed us; we told the truth to the big audience in the Opera House, and they voted unanimously that I go ahead without the lantern. So I told of the Red Letter Days in Europe, and next year they booked me again by telegraph, the first engagement of that season." Thus resourceful was he, and equal to emergencies.

In spite of the hardships he found much to enjoy. November 29, 1884, he wrote: "Students as delegates from many colleges were going to Nashville to attend a secret society convention. A jollier set of fellows I rarely ever saw except back in college days. Entirely forgot that I was forty-three years old, made the acquaintance of all, and we told stories, talked philosophy as taught now in colleges (found all believed in evolution), and laughed and sang songs till twelve o'clock. Many of the students were in co-educational colleges and firmly believed in co-education. Woke at 3 A. M. in Dayton and felt fifty years old!"

Mr. Bolton delivered nearly two thousand lec-

tures upon his travels in Europe and America, including much of history, before Teachers' Associations, at the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, before colleges, Young Men's Christian Associations, Chautauqua Assemblies, and elsewhere. Some of his lectures were:

London, the World's Metropolis.

England's Golden Age, 1837–1887.

The Scotch and Irish of To-day.

Paris and the French Republic.

The Four Napoleons.

Beautiful Switzerland.

Romantic Rhineland.

Reunited Germany, and Heroic Louise.

Lands of the Midnight Sun.

Vienna to Constantinople.

Russia and the Romanoffs.

America's War for the Union.

The White City Wonders (The Columbian Exposition).

Yosemite-Yellowstone Wonders.

The Italy of America (California).

The lamented General S. C. Armstrong said:

"You are an educator of the people." The South spoke of him as "highly cultured," and the North liked his energy and enthusiasm. Everywhere the lectures were called "brilliant, entertaining, and intellectual," and the pictures "beautiful and artistic," or "magnificent." Mr. Bolton had great faith that picture-teaching would be used more and more. He wrote in the *Independent* of Santa Barbara, California: "Pupils who graduate at our high schools should not only know well the history of their own town, state, and country, but they ought, by object lessons, to be so taught that at sight they could give the name of every stone, tree, and flower, and the name of every fish caught in the neighboring river, lake, or sea. The pupil who has learned often to ask the what, how, and why of things, to give close attention, and keenly observe, is on the road to great usefulness. What can the public schools do to aid our children in knowing what our cities contain? We think the answer is readily found in the liberal use of the magic lantern in the teach-

ing of geography, history, science, and art. Formerly the lantern, like the telephone, was a toy in the hands of children. To-day, the telephone and lantern have come to the front as helpers of enlightenment. New York State has appropriated eight thousand dollars for lanterns for her nine Normal Schools. Cornell University uses four large lanterns in the teaching of her fifteen hundred young men. Last winter, in cosmopolitan Chicago, twelve thousand people attended a single course of illustrated travels. To accommodate so vast an audience each lecture was repeated five times. Our public school education will not be complete till every high school is able by its own teachers to furnish twenty or more lectures, illustrating well the points of interest at home and abroad. Not one per cent. of our people can travel over either America or Europe. Why not, then, by aid of lantern and photographic slide, reveal to eye as well as ear the valuable things of earth, and thus send boys and girls into the world better equipped to do life's work?"

New York State appropriates twenty-five thousand dollars annually that free lectures, mostly illustrated, may be given to "free common schools, artisans, mechanics and other citizens." If Ohio had followed this example, how gladly would Mr. Bolton have contributed his lectures and pictures for such lasting benefit to the people.

Mr. Bolton spoke extemporaneously before hundreds of schools without pay, giving practical talks on reading, the care of the body, character, etc., and lived over again his college life as he met college boys.

When he learned that some students from Western Reserve University, Cleveland, were to give a concert at the Mount Dora Chautauqua, Florida, where he was lecturing, he urged the people to surprise them with pyramids of oranges and an abundance of flowers on the platform, and helped to prepare a welcome that they never forgot.

He had acquired facility in speaking, in part through an excellent plan adopted at his college.

Each week a debate was held on a subject of general interest. Eight names were drawn by lot, and a student could take either side. This continued till the whole class had taken part. Those making the most improvement during the term received the Alpheus Hardy prizes of thirty and twenty dollars. "These debates," said Mr. Bolton, "were fine tests of our general reading, memories, and ability to talk on our feet." It was a pleasure to go back to Amherst College and speak before faculty and students. When he lectured in Holyoke, Massachusetts, he brought his fond and pleased mother, at the age of seventy-two, from her home across the river in South Hadley Falls to hear him. She died two years later, October 28, 1888, sincerely mourned by all who knew her. When Mr. Bolton learned from a telegram, just as he was beginning a lecture at the Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Virginia, that his mother was dying, he was unable to complete the lecture and was carried ill to his hotel, where he remained for several days. The affection between mother and

son was very strong. His father and only sister, Ella (Mrs. Richards), both died nearly nine years later, in the spring of 1897.

Mr. Bolton made four trips to the Pacific Coast, writing often for the press, and sending back graphic and charming letters to his family. Some extracts from these his son, while he was at Harvard University, printed in a small pamphlet, in 1892; it bears the title "Notes from letters written while lecturing in the Northwest":—

"On cars, May 4, 1890. The ride from Bozeman to Helena and Spokane is interesting and picturesque. Among the Rockies is Montana. Twenty-five thousand in Helena; growing fast. It is built in a gulch from which early gold-diggers took seventeen million dollars in gold. Many new and costly blocks and homes. Hotels at Helena are fine. Twelve years ago the Congregational Church paid for a lot at Spokane thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents. Last August they sold it for twenty-nine thousand dollars.

"On the Mojave Desert. In sight are long, high ranges that melt into soft skies. Sage-brush and struggling palms, like scrubby pines, cover a broad old sea-bed. Sun warm and blinding. A breeze almost removes my eye-glasses. We now and then kodak a sage-brush, a bayonet palm, or sub-tropical landscape. Reach Santa Barbara at 7 P. M. Ten thousand people at Santa Barbara, a mixture of all nations, with large sprinkling from New England. No wonder that my classmate calls this spot the 'Gateway to Heaven.'

"Sacramento, June 1, 1890. I have just come from a Chinese mission. Several joined the church. There are one thousand in the California churches. Heard them sing and pray in Chinese."

Mr. Bolton said: "The good people of the Pacific Coast seem to be pursuing a phantom. It is true that the Chinese, two hundred thousand strong, have entered the Golden Gate. But thrice the total Asiatic immigration of twenty-five years come annually from Europe

to America. By hasty decision we dishonored a treaty forced by us upon China, imperilling the lives of Americans in the Empire, and a commerce with the Chinese rich in its future promise. . . . Faithful John Chinaman on our shores furnishes a problem for Christian statesmen to solve."

"Redondo, California, 1890. Redondo Hotel. In sight now is the powerful deep blue Pacific, whose waves wash Australia, Japan, China, and India. People are bathing on the fine white sand. A boat floats lazily at the wharf in the long swells of the sea; white surf up and down the beach."

All these years Mr. Bolton kept his courage and looked forward toward a home and a competency. He said: "I believe we shall weather the era of uneventful things and enter port with colors flying. Win we must and shall, or I shall rest uneasily in my grave, because I know I have qualities that you thought I possessed in college days. I shall attempt again to marshal them on some field of action with large

possibilities in it. At fifty I shall try to grasp the wisdom and experience, and act as if I were thirty."

Mr. Bolton's letters were always full of inspiration and hope. "With the grandeur of history, science, and humanity about us on every side," he wrote, "how stately and noble ought every thought and deed to be. But how little we accomplish, especially in a business life. Yet I love it and shall make a success in and by it.

"Ways have always opened to those who are fitted to enter. . . . I am full of spirit and hope. So tire of simply money-getting at times, and yet it is the key to two-thirds of earthly existence. . . . Let your whole soul go out in prose and poetry for the uplifting of humanity. . . . All that have come to fame have had exalted ideals and subjects."

In 1891 several acres of land were purchased in East Cleveland on a hillside, and an unpretentious home built in the midst of beautiful shade-trees with a broad view of Lake Erie. Mr. Bolton called it "Elm-oak," because of a grand

ELM-OAK, THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. C. E. BOLTON

AT EAST CLEVELAND, OHIO

HELIOTYPE CO., BOSTON.

old elm and several oaks. He took the greatest comfort in this home for the last ten years of his life. He planted fruit trees, plum, pear, and peach, and lived to see the fruitage. His rose-beds were a delight to him. Every shrub and tree had a place in his heart. The graceful maple that droops its branches to the ground, the tulip tree, the white birches, and the evergreens were all treasured. A great boulder weighing several tons, furrowed by glaciers, was also a delight, for he had always been fond of geology since his college days in New England.

He wrote to his wife when absent: "I help the robins and bluebirds to fix up nature. More than ever delighted with our home. It's a bluebird's nest or box, with the song absent till you return."

Over a bridge or porch across a ravine adjoining the house was a hooded bell like those seen in Switzerland, and in the hood the bluebirds built their nests. When they brought food to their young, Mr. Bolton would leave the porch until they had come and gone; but finally they

learned that they would not be molested, and came as freely as though no one sat there. No rabbit or bird or even ant-hill, "their homes are so wonderfully made," he said, was ever harmed on his grounds. Even our many cats seemed to know that we fed English sparrows in the winter and pretty robins in the spring because we wished them to stay. Mr. Bolton wrote: "We counted nine in the colony of English sparrows. They sleep nights in the honeysuckle vine at the back door. We put warm clothes there for the birds, and we put out grain."

Again he wrote of our beautiful St. Bernard dogs, one of whom he named Windermere: "Bernie has done only two wrong things since you left. Mary found the dog asleep one morning on the lounge with head on the tidy. This morning asleep on her bed back of her next the wall. If bark would burn these two dogs would keep Mary[1] in fuel. . . . Have bought candy for Bernie's Christmas."

[1] Mary Johnson, the faithful Dane who lived with us many years.

IN THE GROUNDS AT ELM-OAK

From a photograph taken in August 1901

By a friend

He was fond of animals. He purchased two tiger kittens of two children, giving a silver dollar for each, to please the little owners. One died, and the other he called his "Dollar Gray." In the last picture taken of Mr. Bolton, a few weeks before his death, his wife has in her arms "Baby," the half-grown daughter of "Dollar Gray," and he is holding his eye-glasses before the kitten to arrest her attention for the picture. She always sat on his left arm while he read his newspaper in the morning. When his wife told him that a woman had turned out into the snow a cat and five kittens, he said, "Bring them all home."

He would never see a horse abused. One day when he and his pastor were riding, they met a man whipping his donkey who was unable to draw a load up a hill. Alighting, each man put his shoulder to a wheel, and the poor animal thus encouraged carried up the load easily.

Understanding real estate transactions from previous years, Mr. Bolton was fitted to enter the business again; he bought a tract of land,

opened streets through it, and then another allotment, and made his work a success. But business alone did not satisfy him. The reading of everything useful went on as before. He read on the street cars, in steam cars, everywhere. When asked by his wife what he would like for a birthday present, he replied, "Another set of Emerson," the former set which she had given him having been read and re-read.

Almost the last book which he read at the seashore, sitting on the rocks at Nahant, was "A Brief History of Eastern Asia," by I. C. Hannah, M. A., of Trinity College, England. He marked carefully every book he read. He made clippings from his many newspapers and magazines, keeping them in large envelopes. Some of these he used, and hoped to use more in the leisure to which he looked forward, but which never came. He kept a tabulated list of nearly one hundred subjects, on which he gathered cuttings,—agriculture, astronomy, banks, botany, Cleveland, china, evolution, education, electricity, geology, health, inventions, light, labor, law, minerals, music,

money, politics, religion, railways, real estate, silver, temperance, tariff, trusts, young men, and many more.

While interested in all countries and all great questions, — he worked for and rejoiced in the freedom of Cuba, — he was devoted to America and her interests. He was greatly desirous for a ship canal from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic Ocean.

"The old Erie Canal," he said, "three hundred and fifty-one miles in length, that cost the State fifty million dollars, and paid into the State treasury thirty-four million dollars more than its total cost up to the time when tolls were abolished, has also saved for the people hundreds of millions of dollars in the reduced cost of transportation, by its control of East and West trunk railway rates. It is well known that rail tariffs are about doubled between the lakes and tidewater during the close of navigation.

"The railways of Pennsylvania bought the canal property of that State, and so prevented competition. The citizens of New York, more

jealous of their rights, have repeatedly declared that 'their canals shall not be leased, sold, or otherwise disposed of, but shall remain the property and under the control of the State forever.' . . . A great national need to-day is enough American tonnage to carry our immense surplus produce from tide-water to Europe, and when possible from the lakes via a ship canal, and so save an annual drainage of over a hundred million dollars paid to foreign ships. . . . The wheat of the great West is handicapped by the fact that ocean tramps, not half the size of the lake boats, carry two competing bushels of Argentina grain to Liverpool for the carriage paid from Dakota to the river Mersey."

He knew many public men, and was a life-long and ardent Republican. When Blaine and Logan were nominated for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency at Chicago in 1884, he was a deeply interested spectator. "Thurston, McKinley, Lodge, Roosevelt, and scores of other distinguished persons had been seen, heard, and cheered," he wrote. "A blind man, the silver-

haired Judge West, of Ohio, was led to the front. While seated, he eloquently voiced the demands of the impatient throng. Though often interrupted by applause, yet he refrained from mention of Blaine's name till the last, and then the audience went wild. The people cheered and shouted, some stood on chairs and waved coats, hats, and canes, women fluttered their handkerchiefs, and broke parasols and fans in uncontrollable enthusiasm." After the nomination, "cannon boomed, and the vast crowds outside caught up the cry, and soon Chicago and the nation awakened into applause."

All through the campaign Mr. Bolton took an active part, by speaking, by raising money, scattering pamphlets, and arranging for great tent meetings in which well-known men addressed immense audiences. In the great tent, Blaine, Logan, McKinley, General Hawley, and others spoke to more than ten thousand people gathered at each meeting. An attractive pamphlet was prepared, "Facts and Songs for the People," with pictures of the candidates, the issues of the

campaign and patriotic songs, and twenty thousand of these were given away daily. "It was a tiresome task," said Mr. Bolton, "but it proved a great attraction, and no doubt helped to swell the Ohio vote for Blaine. . . . Most Republicans believed that, notwithstanding the parson's crazy alliteration, 'Rum, Romanism and Rebellion,' Mr. Blaine was honestly elected the 29th president of the United States."

Mr. Bolton also spoke earnestly for McKinley in 1896, and wrote much for the press on "The Two-fold Issue of To-day, Sound Money, and Protection." The "silver craze," as he called it, received his strenuous opposition. He again worked in 1900 for President McKinley, whom he knew and honored as an upright, just, able, and conscientious man. Mr. Bolton condensed the platforms of the two great parties into about one thousand words each, and this clear and concise document was much used in the campaign.

In the summer of 1888, Mr. Bolton had desired to enter Congress from the Twenty-first district of Ohio, and as the popular-vote plan

instead of the usual convention and delegate method had been promised by three of the five members of the Congressional Committee, he decided to try with the four other aspirants. The working people especially would be his friends on account of the good done them by the Educational Bureau. The popular-vote plan was not adopted, however, and having no time to secure delegates he withdrew from the competition.

In the summer of 1898, ten years later, Mr. Bolton came forward as a candidate from the Twentieth district, in which his home, East Cleveland, was situated. There were five other candidates, but the papers spoke highly of Mr. Bolton as "a man of ideas," "a man for the people," and "a general public benefactor." The press said it "was the most hotly contested congressional campaign for many years." Mr. Bolton received a creditable vote, but Medina County stood by its candidate and won the honor.

Since Mr. Bolton had settled in his home in

1892, indeed since he came to Cleveland in 1865, he had been laboring in many ways for his adopted city, to which he was warmly attached. He wrote and published many newspaper articles, some of which he gathered into a pamphlet in 1899, called "A Few Civic Problems of Greater Cleveland," including chapters on Docks, Sewage Disposal, The Mediterranean and Great Lakes Compared, etc.

When the chapel of Windermere Presbyterian Church was completed, he became one of the charter members, planted vines about the building, and gave it a bell. At the Christmas festivities no one enjoyed the cheer of the Sunday School children more than he.

When it was urged that Euclid Avenue be made a part of the park system, — taking off the street cars and putting them on a side street, and making a boulevard for carriages, — with his usual zeal he spoke successfully for the common people who, he claimed, enjoyed a street-car ride on a beautiful street, and who in fact owned the public highways as fully as do the rich.

When bills were introduced in the General Assembly to annex by force the outlying villages to Cleveland, Mr. Bolton's friends gathered in his office, formed an "Emergency Committee," and twice at least defeated the projectors of the plan. Mr. Bolton denied "the right of any municipality in the State to farm out its own indebtedness upon a contiguous municipality. This is emphatically taxation without representation," he said, "and we deny the right of the city to ask of the General Assembly of Ohio, or that the Legislature can grant, that annexation shall take place without the consent of a majority of the voters resident in the territory annexed."

Saloons were not wanted in the village of East Cleveland to blight and destroy. In every piece of property sold by Mr. Bolton, it was stated that no liquor should ever be sold on the premises.

He was foremost in every improvement: the widening and the paving of streets; the planting of shade trees and beautifying of lawns; obtaining gas and water and free delivery of mail; look-

ing carefully after the health of the people, and studying the various methods of sewage disposal in many countries — England, Germany, France, and the United States. He urged that Cleveland should not discharge daily fifty million gallons of sewage into Lake Erie, but treat it chemically. He said, "Paris has decided to purchase ample acreage upon which to purify all its sewage. The estimated cost of this new work is six million dollars. . . . Berlin's sewage is conveyed by gravity to a pumping station, and then lifted from seventy to one hundred feet to the city's sewage farms. There are thirty-eight places on the River Thames and the River Lea where the sewage is treated, and crude sewage is never allowed to run into the streams. Birmingham, with a half million of population, treats its sewage chemically, and then applies the effluent to meadow lands."

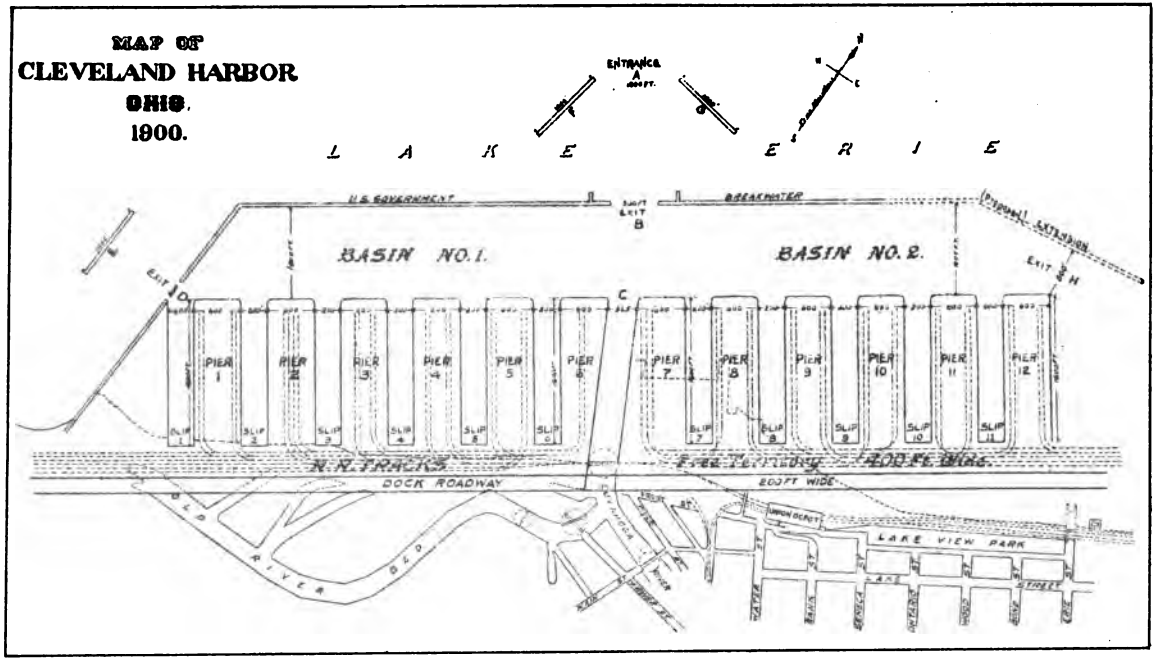
The East Cleveland Sewage Disposal Works adopting the methods of the late Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., forcing air through porous beds of clay, gravel, etc., received his close attention.

Mr. Bolton was elected mayor of the village of East Cleveland in April, 1899, and held the position for two years, declining re-election in 1901. He had great executive ability. He appointed committees, and did the work if others failed to do it. He suggested and helped to organize the Village Mayors' League, and the mayors of Cuyahoga County met monthly and dined together, discussing the best plans for their respective towns.

One matter in which he was especially interested was that Cleveland should have a system of docks in her outer harbor such as he had seen and studied in the old world, at London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Antwerp, and elsewhere, and such as New York City had obtained by condemning the land and paying a fair price for that which she had appropriated.

He wrote articles for the newspapers, and prepared maps and plans after consulting with able engineers, trying to awaken the people to the millions of dollars at stake in the title to their "lake front" in the coming centuries. "The plan," he

said, "which I propose, exhibits twelve docks, each sixteen hundred feet in length and six hundred feet in width. Each dock admits of several railway tracks and the storage of vast tonnage of ores, coal, and other merchandise. The total length of the new wharfage front thus acquired is nearly forty thousand feet, or about seven and one-half miles. Twelve slips, including the river entrance, are exhibited, and each slip, from bulkhead line to pierhead, is sixteen hundred feet in length by two hundred feet in width, and has a capacity of docking a half-dozen of the largest lake freighters. Thus a total of seventy-two modern vessels at the same time could load or unload their cargoes. Ore conveyors will carry the ore from the vessels three hundred feet or more. The twelve docks have an area of about twenty-three acres each, or a total of two hundred and seventy-five acres, and a storage capacity estimated at one million tons per dock. Spalls or refuse rock from neighboring quarries, slag from mills, and dirt from street and cellars could also be used to fill in the piers and the large area



PLAN FOR LAKE FRONT IMPROVEMENTS.

from the bulkhead line to the shore line. Sufficient land will thus be reclaimed for thirty railroad tracks, as shown on the plan, which should be held as free territory to be leased to or used by all railroads in loading and unloading ores, coal, and other freights. Also enough made land would be secured for a margin dock roadway two hundred feet in width, which could be used for transfer and traffic, and, if extended in the future, to connect Gordon, Clinton, Lake View, and Edgewater parks. Not a cent will be added to the taxpayers' burdens if the outer harbor is properly developed and managed the same as in New York City.

"Following the example furnished by the city of New York, why ought not Cleveland, when public good demands it, to secure from the Ohio Legislature the power to exercise the right of eminent domain? 'Eminent domain is the superiority, or dominion of the sovereign power, over all the property within the State, by which it is entitled to appropriate by constitutional agency any part necessary to the public good, compensa-

tion being given for what is taken,' providing, of course, that satisfactory proof of valid ownership is established."

Concerning the proposed cost of the harbor improvement, probably twenty million dollars, he said: "When the city has the right to condemn certain lake front properties, at the outset she need not acquire more frontage than can be paid for, profitably improved or leased, say 1,000 feet more or less east and west of the river entrance. As the demand increases, New York condemns and improves her water front."

Mr. Bolton could not bear to see Cleveland missing her great opportunity. "It interests a Clevelander," he said, "to be reminded that 100,000 different kinds of articles are made in 2,500 factories at Cleveland, that these factories employ 60,000 wage-earners and over $100,000,000 of capital, and that Cleveland already leads in numerous lines of manufactures; that she is the centre of the iron-ore industry, the largest ship-building port, and one of the largest ship-owning ports in the United States.

It is pleasant to know that the electric cars will take you to a semi-circle of very beautiful parks, and to all parts of a city of 400,000 people, even to all the neighboring towns, and that 150 steam trains daily enter or leave Cleveland.

"It is also encouraging to be told that 336 vessels of a combined tonnage of 336,000 tons are owned and managed in Cleveland. But it does little good to state that 60 per cent. of the Lake Superior iron-ore output enters the Cleveland district, and that the city is situated at the apex of the largest and best field of coal in the world, unless we remember that nearly five-sixths of the 18,500,000 tons of ore passes us by to enrich other cities, chiefly because the front door of Cleveland is practically closed to lake transportation and to the wealth of the great Northwest. . . .

"The large lake fleets of Rockefeller, Carnegie, M. A. Hanna & Co., and others, sought harbor facilities elsewhere, not because of hostility to Cleveland, but chiefly because of the lack of improved docking capacity at this port. For the

same reason Cleveland will continue to lose her lake commerce and other trade unless she soon provides suitable docks.

"The fact that the ownership and management of mines, mills, vessels, shipbuilding, and docks is being concentrated in the hands of a few men, who sooner or later must decide where the Lake Superior ores can be most cheaply converted into pig iron and steel billets, gives cause for alarm lest Cleveland cease to be one of the great centres of iron ores and their products. Rapidly the lake traffic is drifting to other ports, because Cleveland's ample outer harbor is not properly docked. Unless Cleveland can contrive to be a centre of cheap raw material, then other localities will certainly attract the best of her present manufactures, viz., pig iron, steel, steel ships, heavy forgings, car wheels, wire, nuts and bolts, hardware of many kinds, including wire nails, screws, steel springs, axes, etc."

Mr. Bolton spoke before the Tippecanoe Club of which he was a member, and urged them to appoint a committee of five to confer with the

directors of the Chamber of Commerce on this subject, and this was done.

For many years there had been litigation with regard to the lake front, prominent railroads claiming it. Honorable James Lawrence, former Attorney-General for the State and Director of Law for the city, urged that the case be appealed to the higher courts. When the Council seemed about to surrender the city's claim to the railroads, Mr. Bolton could not rest. It was in his thoughts at his table with his family, and with friends on the street, or as he rode to his office on the electric railways. He spoke earnestly before the City Council. He is reported by the press as saying: "The railways after getting control of this property will become despotic. They will practically own the entire harbor. We don't know where they will end. . . . Who are my clients? I represent 400,000 people living in Cleveland. I represent 55,000 men who are now in the factories. I represent 55,000 children in the public schools, and millions of people still unborn. You ask what I would do with this

predicament? I would have the next Legislature pass a law authorizing the city to condemn the property in dispute. Only yesterday I had dinner with the leading counsel of the Lake Shore Railroad Company. I asked him whether the Legislature could not do this. He answered: 'Absolutely it can, and I have often wondered why it was not done long ago.' New York City in this way recovered twenty-one miles of water front, which is now yielding her annually millions of dollars revenue."

Mr. Bolton conferred with Honorable Tom L. Johnson, not then elected mayor, and urged an injunction restraining the officials from making any agreement with the railroads with regard to the lake front. The case was then put into the hands of General Edward S. Meyer as counsel for the city, and was carried to the higher courts.

In the spring of 1900 Mr. Bolton was again a candidate for the Congressional nomination. He outlined in the items of his policy the owning by Cleveland of its entire water front, and also the

production of beet sugar in America, on which subject he had gathered much information. He said: "Last year over fifteen million tons of iron ores passed south through the harbors of Northern Ohio, enriching the citizens of the Mahoning Valley and Western Pennsylvania. If one half of this enormous tonnage of ores could be converted into iron and steel products, with a wage account of ten dollars per ton included, in Cuyahoga County, our pay-rolls would be increased fifty million dollars annually. It is the magic pay-roll, chiefly, that builds a great city. This vast increase of pay-roll by fifty million dollars would add half a million people to Cleveland and double her tax duplicate. . . . If the leading countries of Europe raise beet sugar for their own needs, and largely for export, why cannot Americans raise their own sugar, and so save annually fifty million dollars, which the American people are now paying, mostly to foreign farmers?"

Mr. Bolton's commendations were of the best. President McKinley had said: "Mr. Bolton is a

gentleman of learning and culture, and has had years of experience at the head of large manufacturing interests." Honorable J. B. Foraker spoke of his "good character, fine abilities, large experience from extended travel abroad, and that he is an active, zealous working Republican." Honorable John Sherman had called him "a citizen of high character," and Ex-President Hayes, "a gentleman of fine accomplishments."

There were several aspirants for Congress. After a most vigorous and exciting campaign, the Congressional Convention was held May 10, 1900. Mr. Bolton received fifty-two votes on the first ballot; ninety-seven being necessary to a choice. Two of the aspirants, bitterly opposing each other, withdrew from the contest, over their own signatures in the newspapers. One of these, Honorable James R. Garfield, the son of the former President, kept his pledge and refused to allow his name to be used before the convention; the other did not, and received the nomination. There was no question among the people as to Mr. Bolton's fitness for the position, but the

ways of politics are such that the best men are not always chosen.

Crowded as were his hours, Mr. Bolton found time to give comforts to a sick and friendless soldier, just returned from the Philippines, paid his board unaided for months, clothed him, and finally obtained a temporary place for him at one of the national homes for soldiers; he is now earning a good salary. And this was only one case out of many, in which the poor found in him a helper both with money and counsel. He secured very many situations for young men who had tried for themselves until well nigh discouraged. He often bought a book of a canvasser, not forgetting the college days, when he earned money in the same difficult way. He, with two others, promised to send a boy through Amherst College. When the lad was ready, the other givers were not, and Mr. Bolton bore the expense alone.

He took little time for rest. "Ceaseless as the sea," his friends said of him. In July, 1899, he and his wife went East to see their son and his

wife and child, at Shirley, Massachusetts, where the son afterward bought ninety acres for a summer home, in the town in which the Bolton ancestors settled one hundred and thirty years before. Mr. Bolton helped in the search for a large boulder in the forest, and gave liberally toward the expense of having it brought to the graveyard where it now bears a bronze tablet to commemorate the service of those who went to the Revolutionary War from the town. Among the names on a second tablet prepared at the same time are those of Mr. Bolton's great-grandfather, Timothy, and two or more of his great-uncles.

His little grandson, Stanwood Knowles Bolton, gave him much pleasure, and the affection seemed mutual. Mr. H. A. Pevear invited the families to drive through all the adjacent charming country, and these few quiet days in a life full of activity formed a pleasant memory.

During the remaining months of Mr. Bolton's life he was very busy with his work as mayor, preparing an admirable report, with other matter,

artistically printed and illustrated, in a pamphlet of one hundred pages; with his transactions in land; his large correspondence; and finally two books, a novel bearing on the question of capital and labor, "The Harris-Ingram Experiment," and a volume of essays, "A Model Village and other Papers." The novel, he says in the preface, was for the most part "written while waiting at stations or on the cars, and in hotels, using the spare moments of an eight months' lecture season, and four months at home occupied by business." "Travels in Europe and America" was only partially completed, and was published in 1903 after his death. The novel was published in 1905. Mr. Bolton had always written much for the press, sending letters while abroad to the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Springfield Republican*, the *Boston Congregationalist*, the *Cleveland Leader*, and later preparing a series of articles for the *St. Nicholas Magazine* on "How Fine Papers are Manufactured," "How Stones Grew into Flour Mills," "Fire Places and Fuel and Light," "From Palanquin to Palace Car," "Cross-bow to

One Hundred Ton Guns," "How Sticks Grew into Plows," etc.

"The Model Village of Homes," the first essay in the book of the same name, was published in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews*, for November, 1899. It was, said the *Cleveland Leader*, "what he wanted the world to understand about the village he ruled and loved. . . . Mr. Bolton delighted to have it known how the village of East Cleveland came to be the 'model village of homes,' as he called it. From East Cleveland he turns his readers to an English half-holiday, spent at one of the famous mechanical and engineering works of England, and then to a coaching trip through scenes of famous English history. Coffee houses in Great Britain, the Sunday School Centenary at London, a Fête-day in Paris, the Chicago World's Fair, Spanish Rule in Cuba, a College Vacation at the Front during the Civil War, How Fine Paper is made, Entertainments for the People, and the Flags of the Nations and Glances at their Histories — these subjects all interested him and he described them in his book.

"Mr. Bolton saw beauty and interest where others might see only the commonplace, and even the commonplace was to him made bright with the interest of a big, strong heart that loved the world."

Mr. Bolton lived long enough to see but a single copy of his book when he was near death.

The press gave commendation to the book. *The Literary World* said: "Mr. Bolton, the cultivated and genial author, observed with sympathy and wrote with facility." The *New York Times* called him "an intelligent observer, a wholesome thinker, and a right-minded citizen." Another New York paper said: "Mr. Bolton wrote in a straightforward, direct manner, that always connotes something to say, and consumes but little space in saying it." The late Judge Henry C. White, of the Probate Court, Cleveland, wrote: "I have gained great profit, and in a measure attempted to honor the memory of my late friend, by reading every word of it. I shall always treasure the book as a valuable

memorial of a long and pleasant acquaintance with the author. For breadth and diversity of accurate knowledge, and for vigor and beauty of literary expression, I esteem the book as a gem."

Professor David P. Todd wrote from the Observatory House at Amherst: "I have taken great pleasure in reading the delightfully written essays of Mr. Bolton's 'A Model Village,' and they have made me regret coming into Amherst scenes so late (my class followed his by just ten years) that I missed the pleasure of knowing him personally. . . . Five years ago I founded a little library in a town in Northern Japan, since become quite large, and I am sending to it occasional parcels of books. It has seemed to me that this collection of essays would be highly appreciated in that far country which is now devoting itself very concernedly to matters English."

Mr. Bolton would have been gratified to know that his book was among those suggested by the Boston Public Library for reading in connection with the Free Public Lectures of the

Lowell Institute, Boston, given by distinguished men during the spring of 1902, This work, made possible by the fund left by John Lowell, Jr., was greatly admired and honored by Mr. Bolton, who always longed for something of the same kind in Cleveland.

Mr. Bolton was asked to join many societies, the American Social Science Association, the American Academy of Political and Social Science, Sons of the American Revolution, the American League for Civic Improvement, several reform societies, and the like. His last public address was given before the American League for Civic Improvement in Buffalo, August 13, 1901, at the time of the Pan-American Exposition.[1] He had taken his wife with him. They walked in the beautifully laid out grounds, stood in the Temple of Music where President McKinley was shot so soon afterwards, and saw the wonderful electric lights at night, making the place seem like fairyland.

[1] See page 50 of "The Twentieth Century City," this being the special title of *The Home Florist* for October, 1901.

Going East to see her son and his family for a short time, Mrs. Bolton returned to Cleveland on September 15th, and found her husband not feeling in quite his usual health. He was tired, but kept at business for another week, when she urged that he stay at home and rest for a few days. He lay on the sofa and chatted with his friends with all his wonted cheer and hope.

About the first of October, with excessive headache, he gained better rest in bed. He longed to see the coloring leaves, but the light seemed painful to his eyes. He often said, "Oh, this weariness!" October 9th a specialist was called to aid the doctors, but he could see no disease; he said that Mr. Bolton had overworked. On the wall hung a picture which had just been prepared by Mr. Bolton, of his grandfather, father, and uncles and aunts, whose united ages were eight hundred and one years, average eighty years, with several still living. To this Mr. Bolton called the doctors' attention as they talked of genealogy;

there seemed every probability that one so vigorous and cheerful would live to old age, like his ancestors.

Three days later, on Saturday, October 12th, at sunset, Mr. Bolton's right side became partially paralyzed, and on the following Tuesday at noon, when asleep, the second stroke came. On Wednesday he said to his wife, "I shall not be here to-morrow," but he was kept alive several days. When his son and wife and their younger child, Geoffrey (two months old), came on Thursday, and the baby was laid in his arms, he smiled, and drew his left arm about it, saying, "Big boy." During his brief illness he thought of everybody but himself; asked that lemonade be taken to the workmen who were paving Knowles Street near his house; hoped that the trained nurse had a good bed, and that others who were assisting had every comfort. Toward the last he said to his wife, not forgetting the struggle up to success: "I 've done the best I could for you." On Wednesday morning, October 23rd, just as the daylight

came, when his dear ones watched beside him, Mr. Bolton ceased to breathe.

The death was a shock to his friends and to the whole city. So many plans for the future never to be carried out; so much work never to be finished; a mind so well prepared in a strong, fine body: helpless in the silence of death!

At the funeral on Friday, October 25th, his pastor, the Rev. Charles L. Zorbaugh, D. D., read from the Bible; "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Abide with me," were sung; and his former pastor, the late Rev. Henry M. Ladd, D.D., spoke of Mr. Bolton. "It does not seem possible," he said, "that we shall never hear that voice again in hearty greeting, nor feel his cordial handshake. It is many years since I first knew him, and in that time I have grown to love and honor him. He was a man of strong personality. He loved nature, and even the flowers seemed to lift their heads and smile to him. The birds sang more sweetly, and the mountains and valleys and even the boulders spoke to him.

He loved nature in every form. I have often heard him speak of the beautiful sunsets seen from his home. To have so loved nature he must have had a generous nature. He loved humanity, and little children were not afraid to talk with him. He loved the lowly, the needy, and the wage-worker. Those who labored with their hands were among his best friends and admirers.

"In his latter days he had an absorbing desire to see this village become a model town. This village will become a monument to his far-sightedness; and his manly character and noble life will leave an impression in the village long after he is gone."

He lies buried in Lake View Cemetery east of the Garfield Monument, under a great maple tree, looking over to the busy city that he loved, and to blue Lake Erie beyond. He cannot watch the red sun dip in the water at sunset as he used to do at his home, but the robins will sing above him, and perchance keep him company in the branches in the summer nights. The

winter snows seemed harsh to him, for he loved the sunshine, but he will not feel them. The grass will grow green above him, and the flowers will shed their fragrance. And by and by his loved ones will lie beside him.

The newspapers in various parts of the country spoke highly of Mr. Bolton. Said the *Cleveland Leader*: "There were tears in the eyes of many persons as they gazed on the features of Mr. C. E. Bolton whose remains were carried to the grave yesterday, from his late beautiful home on Windermere Terrace. Floral tributes from friends in this city and out of town almost covered the casket and filled the room. . . . He was a man of untiring energy, very cheerful and optimistic, solicitous for others and often forgetful of self, giving liberally and without ostentation to the poor. He was a great friend of the young men, assisting many worthy, both financially and by his influence. He was one of the founders of the Young Men's Christian Association of Cleveland. A man of fine appearance and bearing, and agreeable presence, he won friends every-

where, both in this country and abroad. . . . He was one of the best-known men in Northern Ohio, a man of the highest personal character and worth."

The Cleveland Plain Dealer said: "Mr. Bolton had been interested in everything pertaining to the good of Cleveland. . . . In the panic of 1873 he lost about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and instead of going into bankruptcy spent nearly twenty of the best years of his life in paying his creditors. In spite of the overwhelming reverses of 1873, Mr. Bolton had, with untiring energy and unusual business acumen, acquired a competency and had the good will and esteem of all who knew him. Overwork and constant mental activity contributed largely to his death at the very height of his usefulness and success."

The New York Journal said: "Mr. Bolton was an eminent scholar, lecturer, author, and student of municipal problems."

The East Cleveland Signal said: "His was a life of usefulness in every sense of the word. No

man ever lived that did as much or spent as much time for a village as did Mr. C. E. Bolton for the village of East Cleveland and no one has passed away who will be missed by all, both old and young, as he. His funeral was one of the largest ever held in East Cleveland."

The *Boston Daily Globe* said: "In the death of Charles Edward Bolton to-day Northern Ohio loses one of its foremost citizens, a lecturer, author, student of economic problems, traveller, and wealthy business man."

The East Cleveland Council passed the following resolutions offered by Mr. Harry Gordon, for several years his associate in business: —

"*Whereas*, Charles E. Bolton was an honored and influential citizen, and for two years mayor of the village of East Cleveland, representing it with marked fidelity and unswerving attention to duty, ever prompt in his attendance, and ever vigilant in his watchfulness of the village's interests; and

"*Whereas*, Death came to him in the midst

of his work and in the full vigor of his manhood; therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That the Council pay to his memory the tribute of respect due him by the adoption of this memorial, and that the same be entered on the minutes of the Council and an engrossed copy transmitted to the family."

The Tippecanoe Club of Cleveland passed the following Memorial Resolutions: —

"*Whereas*, We are again called upon to mourn the loss by death of a member of this Club in a man of wide culture and varied attainments, therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That in the death of Mr. Charles E. Bolton, this Club has lost a member of influence and personal worth; that his life of earnest, honorable endeavor, his interest in the public weal, and his integrity in private life are worthy to be emulated by us all;

"*Resolved*, That we extend to his family our most sincere sympathy and regard; and be it further

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be made a part of the records of this meeting.

"W. R. COATES,
"CHAS. W. CHASE,
"HARVEY R. KEELER,
"*Committee.*"

Mr. Bolton was a man of unusual energy, perseverance, and skill in the management of affairs. He was self-reliant, believing as Emerson wrote: "The man that stands by himself the universe will stand by him also." He had great persuasive powers, strong personal magnetism, and was a remarkable conversationalist, being well read upon almost every subject. Language impure or coarse was never allowed in his presence. He had the utmost system, and gave close attention to detail, either in business or writing, so that mistakes were rarely made. He used to say he could not work at his desk unless all was clean and in order. He daily ruled an ordinary business card into three columns, and wrote with a very sharp-pointed pencil a list of

things to be done, calling it "his chart"; he was never satisfied unless all the items had been attended to.

He was conscientious in a marked degree, loyal to principle, courageous to meet danger or obstacles, very manly, and honest with a self-sacrifice that took many of the best years of his life. An ardent lover of art, and science, and nature, he rejoiced in the sunshine, and gave cheer to thousands by his own sunny temperament. Broad-minded and versatile, he was willing to interest a child in the structure of a flower, or to carry a baby in his arms when it cried on the steam cars, to help some tired and overworked mother, or to talk with an expert about the making of steel, or building bridges or docks or ships, the wonders of electricity, or the great matters of government and the future of the nation.

Tall, erect, and well-proportioned in body, with distinguished bearing, naturally a leader, Mr. Bolton was a marked man in any circle. With clear complexion, dark, curly hair, pleasant gray

eyes, and a smile that illumined his face, he retained and even increased the good looks of his young manhood. Social by nature, though domestic in his tastes, he enjoyed meeting people and entertaining them. Genuinely interested in others, he made friends easily and kept them. He had keen insight into character, and was rarely deceived either in persons or business. Enthusiastic and sympathetic, his eyes often filled with tears at the recital of wrong or suffering, or some heroic act. He was quick to ask forgiveness if he had hurt the feelings of another, and was ready to forgive. He was very cordial and sincere, with a kind word for everybody. He loved life and its countless activities, for which his strong body, able mind, and warm heart fitted him, and toward the last, when asked by his physician if he wished for anything, replied, "If you could only give me health!"

He kept over his writing desk: — "I expect to pass this way but once; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I

CHARLES E. BOLTON, M. A.

Taken when Mayor of East Cleveland, 1899-1901

can do to my fellow human beings, let me do it now, let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

"It is what *you* do and not what is done for you that *develops* character."

Also these last words of Tennyson's "In Memoriam":—

> "One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves."

Refined and courteous, he was always the gentleman, equally at ease with the highest and the most humble. With a dignity of manner which forbade familiarity, he was yet gracious, and approachable from his thorough goodness of heart; responsive to kindness and appreciation; a lover of home and kindred; and with all his strength of character so gentle in feeling that he would help his wife to take a frightened little mouse from the cats, and carry it into the fields to a place of safety.

A poem, "Hearing Ears," by the Reverend William J. Gray, was found among his papers:—

"The protest of the bruised reed,
Or trampled worm's appealing,
Ne'er finds response to finest need
Where ears lack finest feeling.

"Alas, too oft, e'en human hearts
Lie helpless, torn, and bleeding;
Vain falls their cry midst noise of marts
While crowds pass by unheeding.

"One lesson taught to mind and heart
Abides for all to know it,
Fine hearing is the finest art
In people, priest, and poet."

In the preface of his book, "A Model Village," was this sentence: "Could I have choice of my last word, I would place Helpfulness upon the archway of the sky in golden letters large enough to reach from the rising to the setting sun." And this was in fact his last word.

APPENDIX

After Mr. Bolton's death his wife received a large number of letters offering sympathy and appreciation of his life and work. Rev. Dr. Hiram C. Haydn wrote: "Your husband will be greatly missed. He has stood for so much that is vital to good citizenship and been so aggressively active, his loss will be great to all the community — to you how much more."

President Charles F. Thwing, of Western Reserve University, wrote: "I was very fond of your husband. One's heart went out toward him, as his heart seemed to go out toward every one and toward all that was good. Vigor and power without hardness, and sweetness and gentleness without weakness, belonged to him."

Dr. William Hayes Ward, editor of the New York *Independent*, wrote: "Your husband was one of the choicest of men, and I have been proud that he was one of the sons of my own Alma Mater. He did a great work for Cleveland. Few men have shown so much public spirit. I

have a delightful memory of one evening spent at one of those great entertainments which he provided for the people, when the huge hall was crowded with listeners. I do not remember what the entertainment was — lecture or music — but what impressed me was the superb service done for popular culture by Mr. Bolton."

Richard Watson Gilder wrote: "I was greatly shocked at the death of your husband. It must have been sudden indeed. My memory of him is of a strong, handsome, kindly personality. I deeply sympathize with you in this great loss."

Professor Charles Zueblin, of Chicago University, wrote: "His death is a loss to Cleveland and the country."

Many letters came from Amherst classmates. Mr. John C. Hammond, a lawyer of Northampton, Massachusetts, wrote: "I read with a deep sense of personal bereavement and loss the announcement that my dear classmate is dead. I was very sorry that he missed our last reunion. But I had no thought that there were no more reunions with him this side the other shore."

Rev. V. M. Hardy, D.D., of Foxcroft, Massachusetts, wrote: "The days I spent with him in Cleveland in early September were among the

pleasantest days in all my recent years. He took hold of me with such a strength of sympathy and confidence. We gave and took of the experiences of so many years of life. We found so much in common and in the uncommon to think over and talk upon, that the three days were crowded with the very best of life's treasures. I said good-bye in the hope of continued acquaintance and longings for other communings like this, and now, I shall see him no more. My heart sobs over it."

The Treasurer of Amherst College, J. W. Fairbanks, Ph. D., wrote that the college would "be very glad to receive and make a proper display of the flags of various nations collected by Mr. Bolton. Personally I should highly value such a gift to the college. I knew Mr. Bolton intimately in Williston Seminary, and we roomed on opposite sides of the same corridor in South Hall. I also knew him intimately for three years in college. It is unnecessary for me to say that he was highly esteemed by me both as a gentleman and a friend."

Large flags gathered by Mr. Bolton abroad, from England, France, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Belgium, Denmark,

Germany, Turkey, Austria, with United States flags, were given to Amherst College after his death, to be draped in his memory, knowing that he would prefer his Alma Mater to have them. Ten boxes of his collection of minerals were given to Oberlin College. His well-selected library and collection of pottery from many countries were left to his son.

A lawyer from Milwaukee who had known Mr. Bolton all his married life, wrote: "He was such a kindly, genial, Christian gentleman, such a sincere friend, such a model husband, father and citizen, that his loss must have sent a thrill of sorrow to a multitude of loving hearts, and the keenest of all to yours. He was always so full of life, of health, and of hope, that it is hard to realize he has gone. I do not think I ever knew a more loving and devoted husband, or one so well fitted for the harmonies of domestic life. It seems so sad for such a man to be called away in the prime of life, — sad for those who are left."

Two well-known Cleveland lawyers wrote: "The public virtues of your honored husband give many people the right to share with you the sorrow of this hour, and as a young man

who has been stimulated by his kindness and encouraged by his almost boyish enthusiasm for the good and true in all life's higher relations, I beg to express to you my personal affection for his memory, and my sympathy with your deep affliction." "I shall always cherish his remembrance as a man who always sought to do good and to benefit mankind, and the world can justly say it has been benefited by his life and efforts."

A friend from Paris, France, wrote: "The blow must indeed be a heavy one, for such an unusually noble and beautiful character is rarely met, and a life spent in such companionship can only be recalled with tenderest recollections and intense longings."

A well-known author wrote: "It is not in the first great shock of grief that the heart of sorrow lies. It is when that is left behind and there comes the readjustment of life to new conditions, the realization that life must be lived on and lived out — and far differently. The sting is there and no human touch can remove it."

A dear friend wrote: "It is a sacred sorrow that watches the lines of suffering and care fade away from the noble brow of your dear husband

and yield place to the hallowed calm which death brings to your beloved. Many friends will mourn and miss him. It will be a long time before the community will lose the imprint of his noble character and ceaseless efforts for good."

The widow of a former pastor wrote: "A great, good, and useful man has been called to his reward. Mr. Bolton has left you a rich legacy in precious memories, as he has to all his friends. We need such men to bless and make the world better."

Others wrote: "As I think of Mr. Bolton's useful life and his honorable struggle for so long to prevent his own misfortunes from carrying loss to others, I am glad that you have such a career to recall."

"We all remember him as a most devoted husband and loving father, and I shall ever teach my three children to look upon his face as one of the noblest types of manhood that I have ever met. He was in every sense a *manly man*, and when that is said I know of no more beautiful tribute that can be offered. No one knew how to appreciate the fulness of the last words of our beloved McKinley, Mr. Bolton's personal friend, than did your husband, and

none will find greater consolation in 'It is God's way, His will be done,' than yourself and son. When I stop and consider how such as these, two of the noblest works of God, are taken, and others left, I cannot help but marvel at the wisdom of such taking."

"It is just two years this month that dear Mr. Bolton began planning ways and means for me to stay with my husband without working as long as he should live. Such good deeds as these are treasures laid up in Heaven for him to find there. I can never forget that wonderful kindness, followed by many others."

"He was one of the very finest men I have met, in every way. While he did not live as long as falls to the lot of many, you have the satisfaction of knowing that he accomplished so much for the uplifting and wellbeing of humanity."

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